The Dog Skinner, and Miniſter.

AS a Skinner was flaying a dead dog one day,
Pray who do you think, Sir, ſhould paſs by the way?
A green politician, our hopeful P—m—ier;
The nation's rough rider, and grand financier.
Derry down, &c.

On ſchemes deeply bent, ways & means to encreaſe,
To ſupport our vaſt burdens laid on ſince the peace,
It ſtruck him how many odd callings he'd miſs'd,
So reſolv'd the poor Skinner ſhould come in the liſt

"What licence have you, ſir (he ſaid with a frown)
"To follow this practice o'er country and town?
"Don't think your profeſſion, tho' filthy at beſt,
"Shall tax-free eſcape, any more than the reſt.

"No modes of exiſtence, how wretched or rude,
"But my net of taxation ſhall catch, or include;
"I've a bill in my budget, of ſingular frame,
"Prepar'd for the purpoſe—you follow dead game!

"We're out at the elbows, our finances bare,
"And therefore we mean in your profits to ſhare;
"'Tis fit ſuch baſe fellows as you ſhould ſupport
"Us beings, refin'd in the rays of the court."

"You may tax, & be hanged (reply'd the old Cuff)
"In troth, we have heard of your taxes enough;
"For all your fine ſpeeches I care not a pin;
"You can never have more of a cat than her ſkin.

"My profeſſion is honeſt, tho' humble my bread;
"I owe to no creature, but ſuch as are dead;
"Nor wrench from the living the fruits of their care
"Gay maſter, now tell me the like, if you dare.

"A Miniſter's practice is quite the reverſe;
"Your Shop-lifting taxes—with others ſtill worſe!
"With hoſtile career, at all men you do drive,
"You firſt hunt them down, & then flay them alive.

"Then, ſweet-ſcented Sir (your importance aſide)
"Let the diff'rence between us th' impartial decide;
"A Skinner of Dogs, of neceſſity, then,
"All the world muſt prefer—to a Fleecer of Men!

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